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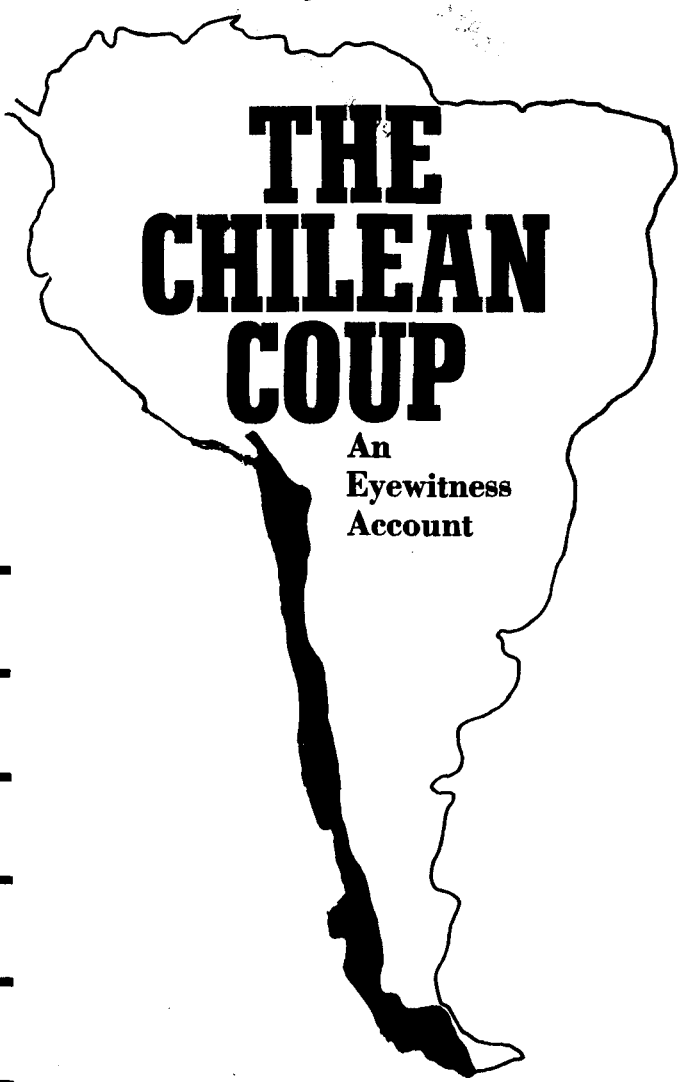

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An Eyewitness Account

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COOK, PEARY & THE POLE
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NEWS & VIEWS

Literary Sleuthing

The revelation in this space (10/19/73) that W.H. Auden had once written a weekly column for *Commonweal* under the pen-name Didymus, touched off speculation as to why Auden chose that precise pseudonym.

The dictionary provided no special clue (Didymus is from the Greek word, twin). Edward Skillin, then editor of the magazine, had no recollection on the point. And Auden himself never told, so far as we know.

Mark Taylor, who did the Auden appreciation in last week's issue, came up with the most ingenious explanation—drawing from, of all places, *Gulliver's Travels*, Book III, Chapter 8, where Gulliver is visited by the ghosts of the famous dead. Says Gulliver:

"And I had a whisper from a ghost, who shall be nameless, that these commentators always kept in the most distant quarters from their principals in the lower world, through a consciousness of shame and guilt, because they had so horribly misrepresented the meaning of those authors to posterity. I introduced *Didymus* and Eustathius to Homer, and prevailed on him to treat them better than perhaps they deserved, for he soon found they wanted a genius to enter into the spirit of a poet." (Riverside edition, p. 160)

Didymus was an Alexandrian scholar of the first century, A.D., who wrote a commentary on Homer.

Said Taylor: "Wouldn't it be just like Auden, modestly and ironically, to represent himself as a critic who could not enter into the spirit of a poet?"

Wouldn't it, indeed!

Priest-less Sundays

The same packet of Religious News Service containing the story, "Pope Warns Against Tendency to 'Secularize' the Priesthood," contained another item telling of an experiment in northeast France, where a dozen parishes have been invited by their bishop to organize Sunday religious services without the presence of a priest.

The priest-less experiments are being closely followed by religious observers in view of their possible significant consequences on sacramental practice, on the role of the laity, and on the place of ordained ministry in the Catholic Church.

According to one observer, the death of a parish priest generally offers the occasion to launch such an enterprise. In these instances, the local bishop may decide not to replace the deceased pastor, not merely because there is a shortage of priests, but because he wishes the faithful to become less "passive" and more actively involved in the ritual and sacramental life of their parish.

What is the reaction?

Critics of the experiment say that the French church is not taking advantage of its pool of retired priests. They see parishes falling "into all sorts of imaginable heresies."

Proponents reply that it is "more logical" to begin preparations immediately to cope with a situation "of less and less priests in the future."

Rockefeller Omen

On Friday morning, Oct. 12, while the nation was still in suspense over who would emerge as the Vice President-designate, 35 telegrams were delivered to the office of Senator Joseph Biden from his Delaware constituency.

One urged opposition to the possible nomination of John Connally of Texas; the other 34 were directed against Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York.

Staffers puzzled over the strong Rockefeller opposition through the 32nd telegram. The 33rd provided a small clue; it was from a convent of the Sisters of Charity. The 35th was the clincher; it was from the Delaware Right to Life Committee.

Abortion—Rockefeller; the storm signals were up . . . undoubtedly for as far ahead as '76.

Of Rats and Nuts

Indochina Focal Point takes note of a late summer conference in Las Vegas of the Red River Valley Fighter Pilots Association, an organization of men who carried out the saturation bombing of the populous Red River delta of North Vietnam. Some 3,000 attended.

The pilots, many of them former POWs, affectionately call one another "River Rats." For the two-day conference, they insured their privacy with a River Rat Command Post, manned by River Rat security guards equipped with walkie-talkie and handguns.

The reunion included a speech by General Alexander Haig, Nixon's new chief of staff. Haig relayed the boss' message for the pilots: "Some people say fighter pilots are kind of nuts. But, you know, they're the kind of nuts I like."

Cracked Crystal Ball

Statements-you'd-like-to-have-back Department. . . . Louis J. Halle (*Men and Nations, The Cold War as History, The Ideological Imagination*, etc.), writing on the topic "Does War Have a Future?" in the new issue of *Foreign Affairs:*

". . . An isolated war in Europe, like the Franco-Prussian War of a century ago, is simply out of the question today.

"This is true as well, if to a lesser extent, in the Middle East. Israel and Egypt are like two little boys trying to fight each other, but each being held back by a bigger boy. Occasionally, one or the other lands a blow, only to be jerked back by the collar."

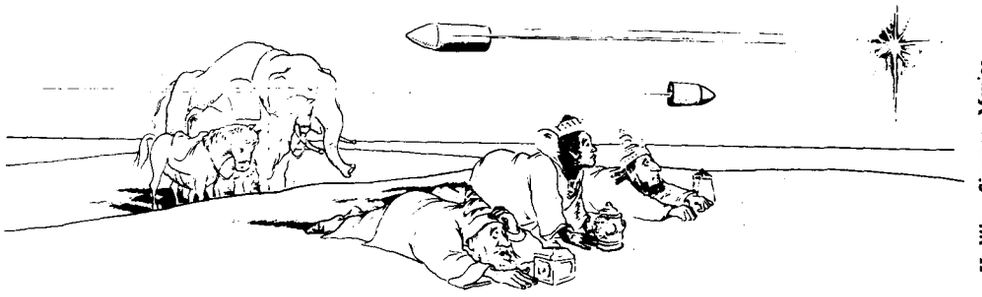
Odds and Ends

— At a conference on the urban ministry at Notre Dame University Wednesday, Oct. 10, a committeeman entered the session in late afternoon, saying he'd like to announce the scores for the day: "Mets 7—Reds 2; Orioles 5—A's 4; Agnew struck out; Nixon is left on base."

— The *Journal of Ecumenical Studies* lamented the Oct. 4 decision of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America not to ordain women as priests in an editorial in its Fall issue captioned: "No Penis, No Priest."

— Unabashed after subjecting Chilean UN Ambassador Raul Bavan to both threat and profanity ("I'll kill you, you son of a whore"), Cuban Foreign Minister Raul Roa took the General Assembly floor to declare that "the presence of fascism in this hall was obscene, and not my language." Besides, added Roa, the words "can be found in 'Don Quixote.'"

JOHN DEEDY



Vadillo - Siempre, Mexico

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CORRESPONDENCE

Prisoners All

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: Some aspects of the problem of giving the Soviet Union most favorable trade terms have not been considered in your editorial of September 28.

It seems legitimate, at first sight, that pressure should be put on the Soviet Union to make easier the emigration of Jews, and of other people unhappy with their present status. The question comes up, however, why should the United States be the one to put that pressure? If it is a consequence of our power and responsibility in the world, shouldn't that power and responsibility be exercised first on our friends? The South Korean candidate to the Presidency, Kim Dae Jung, has been taken back to South Korea by force, and is not allowed to emigrate. All that is necessary for his freedom is one word from the man in the White House. Thousands of political prisoners in Brazil, many tortured, would like to emigrate. Police trained with American money do not allow them to emigrate. In Spain they still have political prisoners of the Civil War, and South Vietnam still runs Con Son with our dollars. Shouldn't our President exercise his responsibility by asking our allies to free their prisoners, before he asks the Soviets to free theirs? Or do we have more strict standards of morals for our enemies than for our allies?

There is a second and sad point-of-view to be considered. The interest of the U.S. Army, and the interest of the USSR Army is not in a decrease of tension. If peace were well established, the generals, the admirals and the directors of the armaments industry would be jobless. It is in the human nature that they should defend their present position. And it just happens that the man, Senator Jackson, that talks in the strongest terms of free emigration of Soviet Jews, is also the mouthpiece of the Army, in the

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THE 'YOM KIPPUR' WAR

The new war in the Middle East envelops what seems to be a hopeless set of prospects. The Russian military build-up of the Arab world around Israel—the massiveness of which, now fully revealed, renders reprehensible so many Russian pretensions of recent years—made a clear-cut Israeli victory, in the 1967 understanding of the word, less than probable, even with the commitment of U.S. matériel. On the other hand, such a victory would likely only quicken Arab determination to fight another day to achieve the ends of its belligerency, a determination which would undoubtedly receive escalated military support from the Russians.

Equally improbable, because of the strength of the Israelis, seemed to be a total Arab victory—a shattering thought all its own. Yet only slightly less disconcerting would still be a peace settlement stripping Israel of the buffer zones which the Yom Kippur violence demonstrated to be so vital to Israel's existence as a nation and without which, barring guarantees of another sort acceptable to Israel, that heroic nation would be naked to its enemies.

Even a stalemating of the current conflict is apt to produce little more than the most fragile of ceasefires, during which the likelihood of an arms race is overwhelming. Israel, for instance, would logically press the United States for sophisticated equipment to overcome the disadvantage at which its Air Force has been put by Russia's wholesale delivery of SAM-2, -3 and -6s to the Arabs. The Arabs and Russians would expect U.S. receptivity to such a request and act accordingly. And thus could a whole new round of arms escalations be set in motion, with potential consequences most terrible to contemplate.

This is the fourth Arab-Israeli war in the last 25 years, and the world can count itself lucky if, as now appears the case, this one does not overleap the territory and the belligerents directly involved. The sea and air resupply operation set in motion from Russia and the United States drew these two superpowers perilously close to a head-on confrontation, with all the worries inherent therein, from a Vietnam-like situation to a third world war. The ingedients were there for such a show-down, more so than they were in Indochina or any other recent trouble-spot: oil; nationalist

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and religious emotions; Third World stakes; passionate loyalties invested from afar. They add to one unmistakable message: whatever time the world buys from this latest Arab-Israeli conflict, it had better use expeditiously. For this may be the last such Mid-East conflict that can be contained.

The challenges being what they are, the U.S. course to date appears correct. Washington wisely curbed polemics directed at Egypt and Syria for their aggression and at Russia for its secret arms-brokering; hot words would only heighten the tensions and possibly have fatal results. At the same time, the U.S. has not reneged on its historic commitment to Israel, a particularly important point given the moral and juridical validity of Israel as a national entity and the U.S.'s role in bringing that to pass in 1948 (a detail which, along with the character of the war, devastates any logic making U.S. involvement in the Middle East analogous to the Vietnam experience). Ordinarily one would have had but momentary wonder about the instinctiveness of U.S. concern for Israel, but the current energy crisis could have dictated some ill-conceived policy going under the name of even-handedness or total detachment. Any such policy would have amounted to a sell-out or abandonment of Israel. It is gratifying to see principle placed before oil; it might have been otherwise.

The dominating commitment in the Middle East conflict, however, must not be in terms of alignments or victories or power balances leading to a stand-off. It must be to promote the strongest kind of ceasefire that will end the killing and get the contending countries to the peace table, where they can arrive at a treaty that will bind for the indefinite future. Egypt has provided a hope in recent days that such a treaty may not be so impossible as some have thought, by statements apparently conceding the integrity of Israel as a nation according to the maps of 1967. Understandably, partisans of the Israeli position may not consider these statements generous. But they do take the key country of the Arab world to the ideological point of *de facto* recognition of the existence of the State of Israel, a point from which most Arab nations have shied in the past. The fact of sovereignty of Israel is a *sine qua non*; acceptance of this by the Arab world could be the cornerstone out of which a lasting peace could be built in the area.

The threats inherent in the Mid-East war—and the possibilities opened up by Egyptian statements, however oblique, on the integrity of Israel as a nation—make the developments of recent days heartening, to say the least. The decision of Russia and the United States to go to the United Nations with a ceasefire resolution placed settlement of the conflict precisely where it should be—in that agency which has been termed the world's last best hope for peace. That decision perhaps tells us more about the inability of Russia and the United States to effect direct restraints on the Arabs and the Israelis, respectively, than it speaks of confidence in the UN to make a ceasefire work. (Neither Russia nor the U.S., remember, has been conspicuous in its support of or confidence in the UN in recent years.) Nevertheless, it is in the UN that the emergency belongs, not on the battlefields. If there is one redeeming note of logic in this unsettling war, that is it.

COMING: Children's Book
Issue Nov. 23, featuring
Elizabeth Minot Graves

THE TROUBLES AND ECUMENISM

IRISH CHURCH 'SUMMIT'

"The Irish people are at once the concern and the despair of Christendom."—Rev. Eric Gallagher, in a foreword to a reprint of A Better Way for Irish Protestants and Roman Catholics *by John Wesley.*

One of the few positive effects of the troubles in Northern Ireland is the challenge it poses to the Irish churches to re-examine themselves. The bloodshed is making inroads into four hundred years of denominational rivalry and is bringing the church leaders into more active cooperation with one another. The North is forcing institutional religion in Ireland to purge itself of sectarianism.

Indeed, a new and more amicable stage in Irish church history opened in "the neutral territory" of a hotel in the Border town of Dundalk on September 26, when eighty church leaders met for a one-day "summit" conference. The delegates—Roman Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, Methodist, Lutheran, Quaker and Non-Subscribing Presbyterian—agreed to commit themselves to a future, which in the context of organized religion, will mean the beginning of an era of interchurch committees. This was the modest but welcome outcome of the historic meeting.

The churchmen agreed that they should appoint representatives to four working parties under the general

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headings of the conference themes: Church, Scripture and Authority; Social and Community Problems; Baptism, Eucharist and Christian Marriage; Christianity and Secularism. It was also agreed that the working parties should meet as soon as possible to decide which specific issues should be given priority. Among the subjects for selection are Violence, Education, Mixed Marriages, Papal Infallibility and the question as to what the Irish churches can do to counter the growing secular trends in Ireland, both North and South. The delegates decided that they should reconvene the meeting in the spring when reports about the progress of the setting up of the committee can be received and examined.

At the end of the meeting—in an atmosphere resembling the euphoria of the honeymoon—one of the co-chairmen, Cardinal Conway, described the meeting as "a most significant and important advance" in interchurch relations. No equivalent gathering of church leaders had taken place in Western Europe. The other chairman, the Anglican Primate of Armagh, Dr. Simms, said that the meeting had provided a most useful vehicle for the exchange of views among the churches.

If, in the words of Cardinal Conway, the purpose of the Dundalk consultation was "a tour of the horizon"—that is an attempt to map out the broad framework for future dialogue among the churches—then, some of the sights and blemishes of the current Irish landscape did emerge. For example, how could the Irish churches stop the violence in Northern Ireland; was segregated education socially divisive; how could the Irish churches jointly eradicate sectarianism?

The most tense area of interchurch relations, mixed marriages, was explored, resulting in a proposal to set up a commission on this question which is likely to be given priority as a subject for study in a working party. While this proposal put forward by the Belfast Methodist minister, Rev. Eric Gallagher, was welcomed by the Catholic Bishop of Kerry, Eamonn Casey, a warning was given by Bishop Philbin, whose diocese covers Belfast, that at least some of the bishops, will take a hard-line in their interpretation of the Catholic position in regard to mixed marriages. But, if mixed marriage, which in recent years has been a main source of conflict between the Irish churches, is to be examined, then at least the possibility exists that a settlement satisfactory to the conscience of all can be worked out.

More embedded areas, such as the association of Catholicism with Irish nationalism and Protestantism with Unionism, and the whole question of Church-State relations, particularly in the Republic, were looked at. But the glance was as yet furtive.

While the churchmen were in session, a demonstration by the Rev. Ian Paisley and his Free Presbyterian followers outside the hotel passed peacefully. Mr. Paisley, on behalf of the demonstration, was allowed to present a written protest to the conference organizers and to make his opposition to "the Church of Rome" clear. The conference organizers were equally well furnished with a communiqué, which pointed out that the churchmen were not, as claimed by Mr. Paisley, discussing church union. The organizers also noted that full proceedings were being reported by the press, so that there was no question of the assembly's being a cabal.

While Mr. Paisley's opposition to interchurch talks may represent the views of a minority of Protestants, particularly in Northern Ireland, in regard to ecumenism, ironically, the effect of his protest was to draw further attention to the positive nature of the Dundalk meeting.

Whatever the limitations of a one-day assembly, the meeting was a success in that it took place in an atmosphere that was friendly but frank. The churchmen were conscious that the meeting not only constituted a test of their ecumenical seriousness but also of their credibility. For the Irish churches have in recent months become subjected to mounting criticism, both at home and abroad, about their apparent ineffectuality in face of the continued violence in Northern Ireland.

In fact, the Dundalk meeting had a few weeks earlier been given an international dimension when the central committee of the World Council of Churches in Geneva had decided to defer a proposal to send a joint Vatican-World Council "crisis intervention ministry" to the North. The Irish delegate, Archbishop Simms, had urged that no initiative should be taken from Geneva until the outcome of the Dundalk meeting was clear.

Christians in Britain, America, Rome and Geneva, can at least see that eleven years after the opening of the Second Vatican Council and more than four years after the first wave of violence in Northern Ireland, Irish churchmen are beginning to get on the one road. That road may not directly be leading the churchmen to union, but it may help save their credibility as a positive countering force to sectarianism. Dundalk may mark the beginning of the end of tribal religion in Ireland.

The Irish public will probably, with a certain degree of goodwill, welcome the decision to set up the working parties. But, it may very well suspend its judgment as to the significance of this new interchurch initiative until it sees that the working parties will have social repercussions and not become merely part of the ecclesiastical machinery.

A reasonable verdict on the meeting would be: officially, it was an interchurch meeting; in the popular mind it was a church leaders' summit conference; historically, it marked a crucial, though far from dramatic, stage in Irish church life; to the Rev. Ian Paisley and his followers it was a sell out to Rome; to the organizers it was an amicable and positive beginning; to the observer it was a modest success.

JOHN COONEY

(John Cooney is COMMONWEAL'S *regular correspondent in Ireland.)*

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THE NORTHEASTERN ELITE

MICHAEL NOVAK

One hears the soft music growing louder all the time. (The Mormon Tabernacle Choir? The Robert Shaw Chorale?) Bathos drips. Banners flutter. The Great American Mythology Machine, calliope and pink cotton candy, is coming into town.

La-*dees* and *gen*-tlemen. 1976 is almost here. The bicentennial! . . . Let us beware of its political uses.

A struggle rages in America between two great elites (whose economic power runs the nation): cowboys vs. patriots; men of the Northeast vs. men of the Sun Belt; puritans vs. evangelicals; the old money vs. the new; Harvard, Yale and Princeton vs. Tampa, Houston, and Southern Cal.

The great weapons of the Northeast are "leadership" and "morality." The great weapons of the cowboys are spirited appeals to the new suburbanites. The patriots are strong in the academy and among working journalists. The cowboys are strong in the corporations and service clubs.

Neither group represents ordinary urban working people. Policies favored by these two elites favor the developers. Both elites increase their own power, decade by decade.

In recent months, the Northeastern elite has recovered from its earlier demoralization under Richard Nixon. Nixon and his fellow Southern Californians, with help across the South and West, had brilliantly but ruthlessly isolated the Northeasterners. He had them on the run. He had intimidated the television networks, symbolically separated the *Times* and the *Post* from other papers, and he was about to attack the great Foundations. He had driven many Northeasterners from government. He was dismantling programs in which many of them served.

Cowboys are not born to wealth, class, status, power, style. They claw their way. They are often short of cash to do what Northeasterners do, what Northeasterners do without effort: hire staffs, pay for travel, hold dinners and receptions. Northeastern "society" takes care of its own; outsiders have to purchase a competitive capacity. Lack of money and connections hurts.

The Northeasterners boast of their own morality. Integrity in politics is their symbolic mask. Since for generations their economic power has been unchallengeable, they have been able to lean on their opponents with massive and crushing, force, subtly even and with civility. The nation's legal and moral styles protect their interests. They have found integrity an easy and convenient weapon.

When the nation needs a public display of integrity, out come the Northeasterners, like ceremonial flags: Elliott Richardson and Archibald Cox, blue ribbons both, important symbols that flinty Justice will be done.

The present is the Northeastern elite's finest hour. We are lucky that elite is as good as it is, intellectually and morally. Yet its members require closest scrutiny. They love to hate the amoral men from Southern California. What briskness one feels as they begin to smell again the sweet drift of power.

The upstart immigrant ("effete corps of impudent snobs") is gone. Only the greatest interloper of them all remains to be disposed of. (The full weight of John Connally, George Wallace, and Ronald Reagan has not yet pressed upon the Northeast.)

What animates Northeastern elites is the desire to rule this nation. They know how to do so best. They have been prepared to do so. They properly detest inferiors. (Even the Kennedys were a little too showy; Edward's integrity won't do.) Nixon epitomizes what they hate. He isn't attractive in appearance, person, style.

A great campaign is underway to rehabilitate the Northeastern elite. The Harvard men, they say are moving back to run things. The traditional flags beat against the wind, blue, crimson: LEADERSHIP! INTEGRITY!

Perhaps in 1976, they'll take the Presidency back or, failing that, the Cabinet. One can hear already the bicentennial history: "Our task is to take this nation back to the ideals of our Founding Fathers, the values that made this nation great."

Sheer mythology. In 1776, the ideals on which this nation were founded included slavery. For constitutional purposes, each black slave counted as three-fifths of a human being. Red men were "savages." Beyond its immediate application, "Manifest Destiny" meant the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race. The twentieth century was to be the century of international triumph for Anglo-Saxon man. Orientals were disdained. Dark-skinned Italians were thought to be sensual, criminal, and undemocratic. Greeks, Slavs and others were thought to be inferior peoples. For the Irish, cartoonists drew an ape.

What has made America a tolerable, decent, and humane civilization is not the Yankee, left to himself. It is the sheer accumulating weight of the grandparents of all of us. Human does not equal white. Democratic does not equal Anglo-Saxon. Free does not equal Protestant. The ideals that make this country great were not invented by the Founding Fathers. The ideals of this nation are still being formed in the experience of every one of us. They are *our* ideals, made by us.

Today, the practices of the nation are more moral than in 1776. The Founding Fathers spoke of "inalienable rights," of "liberty and justice for all," of "equality." But if we at-

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THE CHILEAN COUP

An Eyewitness Report

'We had to empty the furnace without casting. The Moneda was being bombed'

(The following is a Chilean foundry-worker's first-hand account of events surrounding the September 11 coup. The author, who managed to escape into Argentina where he wrote this, must remain anonymous, but he is well known to the Division for Latin America, U.S. Catholic Conference, which verifies this is his account.)

September 11, 1973. At 1 p.m. the last group of workers that refused to take advantage of the trucks put at our disposal to take us home left the factory for a rallying point. We had a long march ahead of us to reach that point on the outskirts of the city. Public transport had ceased and the streets were full of frightened people trying to get to safety before the 3 p.m. curfew.

In the distance the Moneda, presidential palace, was smoking and planes still circled above our heads. Sergio had filled a sack with bread and baked beans left over from the canteen; nobody had felt much like eating at noon. Before passing the gate we destroyed our papers . . . and a part of ourselves.

In groups of two or three we began the long march across the city trying to avoid the rapidly improvised controls. We tried to look natural, like we were enjoying all this, clenching fists to control the desire to weep from frustration and helplessness.

In one or another middle class section we passed through, the reactionaries were celebrating. Bread and sugar and oil, which had long since disappeared from the market, were being distributed in the streets . . . The Marxist tyranny had been overthrown and there was now everything for everybody. Manuel, Jorge and I spoke very little, just a few muttered curses from time to time. We had plenty of time to think. We got through a roadblock by pure luck.

When the Unidad Popular won the 1970 elections, I wasn't sure what to expect. In Popular neighborhoods, the people danced in the streets and wept for joy. A great aspiration and hope were born; but I had my doubts. For those born and bred in a capitalist society, Marxism means repression, violence, persecution. Moreover, the professional politicians of the left didn't impress me too much either. They greatly resembled their right-wing counterparts. A three-year experience led me to modify a lot of these first judgments.

In the months following the elections, there was no repression: quite the contrary. Even the public functionaries, ordinarily dismissed when there was a change of government, were maintained in office; new posts were created for the new personnel. If the major national and international trusts were quickly expropriated—generally with an ample compensation—the small and medium industries were left untouched. The middle class was courted and offered guarantees. The violence was purely verbal, directed against the old system and the priorities of a privileged class.

It was the working class that most benefited in the beginning. My factory, left bankrupt after the boss' trip to Europe "to see his family" six months before the election, was taken over by the state to avoid its shut-down. Wages were at once tripled and a worker participation system was put in. The change was impressive.

The workers, who before wouldn't dare speak up to a boss, were given the opportunity to express themselves, to control the destiny of their plant, its production plan, its finances. They were given a sense of their dignity and possibilities as a class. All in all it worked pretty good. In August we had broken all production records, in spite of difficulties getting raw materials. We calculated that in another year we'd be able to double our production, modernize our plant and begin to produce in Chile many items that until now were imported.

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As we trudged on in silence, all that now seemed so naive, ingenuous. It was the end of a hope, the end of an ideal. There's a type of spiritual death more bitter and deep than the physical one. We'll never know how many persons died around us that day . . . but all those deaths were as symbols of something that was killed inside of a people.

Allende's Mistake

Unless we're completely cynical, we all tend to see other people as well-intended as ourselves and calculate their reactions after our own. I guess that was one of the big mistakes of the Unidad Popular, all the verbalism notwithstanding. Allende promised to respect the actual Constitution, the reigning legality, the Congress, even though these consecrated a certain type of society and protected the interests of the upper classes.

Allende sincerely believed that he could convince a great sector of the middle and upper class to integrate their interests in a common good, to subordinate priviledged interests to the general welfare and, above all, to the welfare of the working class. To such an end a complete liberty was given to the opposition. Their institutions were respected; sooner or later they would see the light.

What was practiced by Allende was reflected by the workers. The few workmates who resisted the changes were considered as "mistaken," but they were by no means excluded. They were our companions of class, worthy of confidence. But they were the same persons who after the *golpe* drew up the lists denouncing the "Marxists" among their fellow workers, sending them to unemployment and prison.

Without pretending to label the two political camps as sons of light and sons of darkness, I can honestly state that there was a difference of moral level.

Some people, especially the Military Junta, have accused the Marxist government of fomenting hatred and division among Chileans. But the vital element in Chilean socialism wasn't hatred or division; it was a true and real love that aspired to an authentic unity.

If we define love as the desire for the authentic good of the other, such a love will express itself differently according to whether it's directed toward the oppressed or toward the oppressor. The authentic good of the oppressor is that he cease to oppress. The other face of this love is the Christian duty to hate the sin of social and economic oppression that opposes itself to the real welfare of the person and society. The breaking down of barriers which divide people into classes is the only way to a *real* unity.

Opposed to this love which desires the good of the other is the egoism that defends one's own benefits and privileges and that hates whatever threatens these advantages. I'm convinced that the events speak for themselves in the Chilean experience. The moral quality of the present repression and terrorism is, quite simply, the expression of a real egotistical hatred. Behind the pompous pronouncements of the Military can be discerned something satanic.

Allende no sooner took control of government when, in the name of liberty and democracy, the counterattack began. Credits from the capitalist countries were drastically reduced, and those credits that were extended were essentially destined for high-cost consumer goods and the preservation of economic dependency. The credits provided by socialist countries were for productive goods which would have permitted Chile a steady economic growth with relative autonomy.

The upper and middle classes, whose representatives controlled Congress, systematically vetoed the decrees which aimed for a redistribution of the national income. Periodic graduated wage increases, offered by the government to offset the rise in the cost of living and the loss of purchasing power of the working class, were approved. But their proposed financing, through taxes on luxury items and excessively high incomes, was rejected. The wage adjustments thus contributed to the inflation. It was a vicious circle.

Once the opposition had consolidated its resources, the final assault began. The truck-owners struck. This strike didn't begin forty days before the *golpe* . . . It had been going on as a systematic sabotage for a long while, protected by the "democratic" institution, i.e., the Congress and the courts. Attempts on the part of drivers, workers and farmers to move the trucks were met with violence and terrorism from the rightist paramilitary groups. Food transport to markets was cut off, as were raw materials to factories. The shop-owners joined in and did their part to create a black market and help it flourish. Doctors and professionals struck. Santiago was laid seige by hunger. Life was becoming nearly impossible.

The working class sought to meet the crisis with its basic arms: its patience, courage and tenacity. But getting to work was a battle; getting home was worse. At work there was little or no raw material. Food was so scarce that the bread lines would begin at daybreak —and oftentimes wind up in brawls. It was an uneven match.

Of course, all the blame was thrown on the "incompetence of the Marxist government." Only a fanatic would deny that there were abuses and errors—political posts, indeed, were often filled by incompetent personnel; on a certain level there was a good deal of sectarianism (though that sin was officially labeled as such and denounced); and the moral conduct of many professional politicians was totally inconsistent with their "revolutionary" engagement. But the blame frequently rested elsewhere. On the whole the people really responsible for the economic and social chaos were the

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least affected by the chaos. The poor were, however; the poor always pay the price.

We got to the rallying point just at curfew time. The response had been pretty good: about 500 workers from a zone where there were very few industries. The only news was from the military radio station. It was cold, beginning to rain. We huddled together in a tent, and passed around a cup of tea and pieces of bread wondering what the hell we were going to do. A helicopter hovered over us. We observed its movements through the holes in the tent. Machine-guns echoed in the distance. A few bombs exploded.

We were full of sadness, chagrin and helplessness, but not afraid. We stayed tuned to the radio station broadcasting official news and official decrees. We sometimes felt like crying, sometimes like laughing; hypocrisy, when it gets to a certain point, becomes ridiculous.

A day or two before the *golpe,* a group of society women had organized a march on the Defense Ministry to demand military intervention to overthrow the government. Moreover, the political parties of the opposi-

tion—"bastions of democracy"—had been preparing the Armed Forces for this end. Paramilitary right-wing groups has been supporting the truck-owners' strike by blowing up bridges and railroad tracks, and sniping at the few convoys seeking to bring food to the capital and raw material to the factories.

The week before the *golpe* we ran out of ingots for the foundry. After highjacking a few trucks, which we incorporated into a larger convoy, we asked for volunteers from among the workers to accompany the trucks to the city of Concepcion. Just about everyone offered himself and it was a difficult job of selecting people. The convoy left Santiago on Wednesday and got back Sunday night. Our companions, who didn't claim overtime or bonuses, had to load and unload the trucks, sleep in them and go without eating—for they'd left only with the money they had in their pockets. The snipers picked off three men in the convoy. . . . None was from our factory, though one of our trucks returned riddled with bullets. The men were at their posts, haggard and bleary-eyed, Monday morning to prepare the molds for casting on Tuesday.

On Tuesday, September 11, at 11 p.m., we had to empty the furnace without casting. The Moneda was being bombed. . . .

With the military controlling all sources of information it was hard to figure out in our tent just what was going on. There were rumors of uprisings within the troops of certain regiments supporting Allende, but it was difficult to form a correct idea of the alignment of forces and, in consequence, to determine a plan of action. The resistance in certain sectors was based on these rumors. If it were true that a part of the troops were loyal to Allende and actually engaged in battle, then a worker resistance, even with their very limited means, could have swung the balance. As it turned out these rumors were greatly exaggerated. Resistance would have been suicide.

An Ultimatum

Wednesday, September 12. The Armed Forces issued an ultimatum summoning all the resisters to surrender themselves before 3 p.m. Most, realizing that their situation was hopeless, did so. Others who didn't were executed on the spot. We spent two days of indecision before accepting the fact that the cause was lost, that active resistance was useless and that a new phase of our life was to begin.

The witch-hunt began almost at once. The "patriotic citizens" were invited to denounce "suspicious elements." Whole neighborhoods were searched, oftentimes with extreme violence and terrible humiliations. In the factories lists were drawn up of "Marxists," and there were workers immediately suspended. "Foreigners" were a particular target, especially those who had fled to Chile to escape the persecution of other Latin American fascist governments. The purge has been sweeping on.

In the National Stadium more than two weeks after the *golpe,* there are still several thousand prisoners. There are many rumors of massive assassinations, detentions and tortures. If a tenth part of these rumors is true, this is the worst massacre in the history of the continent.

Our jobs were gone, of course. Along with a large number of workmates we had to move about with great caution, with the threat of prison or worse hanging over our heads. We escaped—with hope intact . . . and our ideals too. There's something in our hearts that bullets can't kill and prison and torture can't intimidate. The experience of a real freedom, and a real democracy, a new type of solidarity in sacrifice and in an ideal . . . a solidarity which tended to surpass economic, social, cultural and even national differences. This experience will never die.

Indeed, we are stronger than ever . . . the blood of martyrs is the seed of a new world. Nothing and no one can prevent this seed from springing up to fuller life.

Hasta la Victoria Final

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STRIPTEASE: MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

CHARLES DAVIS

Sex for our culture has become the appearance, not the reality

The urge to see a naked belly is not usually deemed to require any further explanation. Lust, it is thought, is too evident and constant a fact to call for elaborate comment. But is human motivation ever that simple? When we reflect a little, must we not admit that there is something odd, something not immediately explicable, about the custom of striptease?

The Christian apologist, C. S. Lewis, uses striptease to argue that "our sexual instinct, as it now is, has gone wrong." In his book, *Mere Christianity*, he makes his point by a comparison. Suppose, he says, we came to a country where a theater could be filled by bringing a covered dish of food onto the stage and lifting the cover just before the lights went out. We should think that something had gone wrong in that country with the appetite for food. So, too, striptease would indicate to anyone who had grown up in another world that something had gone wrong with the sexual instinct among us.

Readers of Lewis' science fiction will remember how he makes use of his conviction about the corruption of man's sexual instinct in *Out of the Silent Planet*. There he depicts the *hrossa* on Malacandra or Mars as naturally continent, as experiencing sexual love and pleasure but instinctively limiting the exercise of sex to the short period required for procreation. Man's unbridled sexuality is made to stand out in contrast as a puzzling aberration. As Ransom pondered, "at last it dawned upon him that it was not they, but his own species, that were the puzzle. That the *hrossa* should have such instincts was mildly surprising; but how came it that the instincts of the *hrossa* so closely resembled the unattained ideals of that far-divided species Man whose instincts were so deplorably different? What was the history of Man?"

Lewis is a writer with an immediate persuasiveness, but—at least in my own case—with effects that soon wear off. To parody a striptease show as the uncovering of a pork chop before a hungry audience makes the corruption of the sexual instinct seem for a moment undeniably evident. But on further reflection I find Lewis' presentation of sexuality unsatisfactory. He unduly restricts the meaning of the sexual instinct. Is it in any sense a human ideal that the sexual instinct should be bounded by narrow needs of procreation? Are we simply engaged in self-deception or at best doing what we can with a corrupted instinct when we give our sexuality a meaning ranging beyond the needs of begetting children? Lewis makes absolute what he gives as the Christian rule: "Either marriage, with complete faithfulness to your partner, or else total abstinence." For that reason he ignores the possibility of there being any meaning other than lust in whatever sexual manifestations run contrary to that rule. Hence, with all sound sex rigidly tied to procreation and monogamous marriage, Lewis is compelled to see men as they actually are as being subjected to lustful urges to an extent only explicable by an inherited corruption of the sexual instinct.

But is it, for example, mere lust that drives people to striptease shows?

It was an essay of the Polish philosopher, Leszek Kolakowski, which started me upon my present reflections. His work, original and wide-ranging, is now becoming known in English-speaking countries. The essay I refer to is entitled, "An Epistemology of the Striptease." (An English translation is given in *TriQuarterly*, no. 22, Fall 1971—a number devoted to Kolakowski's work.) It is a minor piece in the total body of his work, but intended as a serious analysis of striptease as a custom. Striptease may be trivial and distorted as a cultural practice, but nonetheless indicative, he maintains, of some fundamental structure of human life.

Sexual stimulation, he argues, is an insufficient explanation of the motives of striptease fans. There is no given tie between nakedness and sexual arousal; that tie in every instance is created by culture. A particular tie, therefore, itself requires explanation. Further, the attendance at striptease includes many women, and lesbian motivation is an unlikely hypothesis.

Kolakowski's analysis distinguishes two elements in the structure of perception during a striptease show.

The first element derives from identification with the performer. It is a projection of exhibitionist desires. This exhibitionist projection springs from a desire to violate the strict taboo imposed by culture against exposing our animal nature. Under the taboo we continue to feel our animality as our true self. Hence, the sense of culture as alien is the drive behind exhibitionism. A striptease show is experienced as a vicarious liberation from culture. Implicit in it is the assumption that we subconsciously continue to regard ourselves as animals, but

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that this animality is a secret maintained by the discipline of culture. Exhibitionism, as in striptease, is an attempt to reveal the secret.

But besides identifying with the performer, the spectator during a striptease show opposes himself or herself to the performer as another and alien person. This distancing gives rise to a second element in the structure of perception operative at the performance.

The second element combines sadism and intellectual curiosity. Sadism is here understood in a sexually neutral sense. It consists in an acutely felt estrangement from the stripper as a person exposing her shameful condition. Since, however, nakedness is felt to be the hidden truth as well as the shameful secret of man, the act of stripping is also experienced as an intellectual exploration, arousing intellectual curiosity.

The two elements, exhibitionism and sadistic curiosity, are dialectically related in the structure of perception during a striptease show. The exhibitionist desire expresses an identification with nature. On this side, nakedness is perceived as symbol of animality experienced as man's primary truth, with clothing a disguise. The other

side of the perception, the estrangement from the performer, expresses an identification with culture. By contrast with the stripper the spectators experience themselves as superbestial, or, more precisely, as clothed persons, namely persons rooted in culture. During the performance there is an oscillation between the two contrary movements of projection and alienation, so that they coalesce into one emotion. Thus, striptease becomes an attempted synthesis between nature and culture.

Far-fetched? It might seem so at first. Surely, most go to striptease shows consciously seeking sexual arousal. Even so, as Kolakowski remarks, the sexual explicitness allowed in our present culture should now prevent us from taking consciously felt sexual impulses as requiring no further explanation. To develop this.

Puritan repression and Freudian theory made us regard sex as a massive primordial fact of our nature, a primitive energy which still pervaded our lives and beyond which we could not go in interpreting human behavior. Where sexual impulses consciously motivated behavior, we felt no need to seek any further cause to explain it. At the same time, sex was seen as the "true" explanation, the hidden cause of much behavior not consciously motivated by sex. In other words, we interpreted much human motivation and activity as disguised sexuality, as the emergence under camouflage of that primitive energy, sex, itself taken for granted as an evident fact, requiring acknowledgment not explanation.

Nowadays, however, people are able to express their sexuality more freely. Acceptable sexual behavior is less restricted. But, apart from that, there is a strong pressure in our present culture against any concealment of sex, so that sexual impulses are openly acknowledged even when behavior remains within the bounds of earlier norms. But what has been the result of the new sexual freedom? The sexual explicitness has moved sex into a fresh perspective or, perhaps better, has altered the role of sex in our culture. Pushing sex into the foreground has had the effect of showing the receding depths behind it. Or, to put it in another way, sex for our culture has become the appearance not the reality, the manifestation not the cause, the sign not the signified. What we once said of other behavior in relation to sex must now be said of sexual behavior in relation to other motivations, namely, conscious sexual behavior is the disguised expression of other, more powerful energies—more powerful because more deeply rooted or perhaps because repressed. So, sexual liberation is, then, a camouflage. What, we may ask, is being camouflaged?

Be the answer to that question what it may, to see sex as appearance rather than reality is at any rate—so it might be said—to leave behind the moralistic fear of lust and over-concern with chastity. Sex loses its dominance as primitive raging energy always ready as lust to devour us if not firmly held in check. Sexual behavior becomes one element in a socially acquired and variable pattern of culture. Chastity as such ceases to be an issue. The evaluation of sexual behavior will depend upon the total pattern of which it is a part. So, if what truly though unconsciously draws people to striptease shows is an attempted synthesis between nature and culture, it would seem incidental, indeed irrelevant, whether the performance produces sexual arousal or not.

But the reasoning is too hasty. A distinction is called for. If sex is understood as a fixed instinct defined by procreative needs but through corruption constantly breaking through its proper limits, then chastity, in this case meaning merely the control of the unruly appetite, will be of little importance. Any importance attaching to sexual behavior will come not from the quality of its sexuality but from its consequences in other areas. Hence the concern of the moralists with lust as such did trivialize sex and made the importance they gave it seem excessive. On the other hand, if sex is understood as a less specific energy and sexuality as a wide-ranging complex of motivation and behavior, bearing many and variable meanings, then chastity or its conscious moral

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control, namely its shaping and pruning by a set of values, becomes of great moment. Our sexual behavior in this understanding will involve factors affecting our whole personality, our fundamental attitudes, beliefs and relationships. In other words, what is true of language becomes true of sex. Language is the medium of thought, imagination, emotion and belief. If the language is corrupted, man's consciousness and his relationship to reality are stunted and twisted. Sex is a medium through which some of the deeper attitudes and emotions of individuals and groups come to expression. Treat it carelessly in a society and an entire culture may be jeopardized.

Sexuality and the Church

Michael Novak has recently pointed to "the discovery of sex" as a possible cause of the break-up of the older liberal Catholicism. In doing so, he remarks: "The extent to which the Catholic tradition depends on sexual restraint, both for good and for ill, has scarcely been examined." (*Commonweal*, July 28, 1972). However the change is evaluated, the acceptance by many Catholics of the modern attitude to sex is not just a decision about their sexuality but about their religion and their culture. But we too readily assume that the dominant motivation is sexual, that Catholics are changing because they have discovered sex. I suggest that the sexual liberation may be the disguise—the camouflage for a religious and cultural choice too profound and far-reaching to find easy direct expression. After all, the sexual camouflage is seen through by many in another instance, namely clerical celibacy. People widely recognize that clerical celibacy is only superficially a matter of the sexual continence of clerics; more profoundly, it is a question of values and structures constitutive of the present form of the Catholic church.

We might say that the sexual revolution in general represents the blocking and imaginative camouflaging not the release and open expression of the desires and fears of our deeper selves. Or, to put it in this way: our modern striptease soothes our fever by its ability to conceal, not its permission to uncover.

Thus in a roundabout way we rejoin some of the long-standing concern of the moralists that sex should be carefully controlled. "Lust," wrote Lewis in *The Great Divorce,* "is a poor, weak, whimpering, whispering thing compared with that richness and energy of desire which will arise when lust has been killed." The objection to sexual license is not its indulgence of the sexual appetite, but its frivolous dispersion and distorted expression of deeper vital energies. Granted: striptease may be the attempt at a cultural synthesis rather than lust; have we not to question a culture that can do no better than that?

CHILD'S PLAY

THE SCREEN

There is no question that, almost a hundred years after it was written, Henrik Ibsen's *A Doll's House* is still a popular play. Moviemakers can afford to film plays only when they have the very widest commercial appeal; and in the last six months two different English-language films of *A Doll's House* have appeared with major stars, Claire Bloom and Jane Fonda, playing the lead role of Nora. But nothing within Ibsen's play reflects the injustice suffered by women half so well as the mere fact that the play still does find an audience. Since there is apparently enough drama left in Nora's revolt against Torvald to attract us to the theater, we must conclude that very little progress has been made by women in the last century, or at least not sufficient progress.

If Nora did not seem extraordinary and rousing to today's audiences—if her salvation could not still strike us where we live, giving goose bumps to women and making men squirm—*A Doll's House* would at once become a very dated and lifeless play. After all, Nora is no Henry V, nor Cassandra either. She retains her popularity because she remains politically relevant—the heroine in an ideological morality play—and if the social issues did not sustain her, nothing would. Unlike Harry and Cassandra, Nora hasn't got either the poetry or the dramatic credibility to engage us once we no longer live in her own times. Though we really hate to admit it, the truth is that *A Doll's House* is a pretty weak play.

The reason is the character of Nora herself. Her dramatic vice lies in her feminist virtue. Her final, heroic triumph over Torvald is at the same time her undoing. Throughout the play she has been Torvald's "little twittering lark." He is an odious man, but she never sees it and always snivels before him. The only way she has learned to deal with men is to wheedle. Aside from that she is so innocent that she can hardly believe it when told the law might prosecute her for once having forged her father's signature on a promissory note. This is of course pointed out to her by the disreputable Krogstad who holds the note and wants to prevent his being fired at the bank by her husband Torvald, the newly appointed manager. When she is unable to do so, Krogstad does what she fears most. He snitches on her to Torvald.

She is so thoroughly conditioned it never occurs to her that there is anything wrong with Torvald's being furious, even though the illegal loan was made to save *his* lungs with a trip to Italy. Indeed, when her betrayal is finally imminent, she consoles herself with the romantic

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fancy that "a wonderful thing will happen": despite his anger Torvald will try to take the blame. Thus she remains hopelessly naive about him to the bitter end. But when that end comes, and Torvald berates her mercilessly without making any noble offers, she is transformed into a new person. She literally becomes someone we have not seen before, someone who has almost no imaginable connection with Ibsen's original characters. That Nora should at last get fed up and have a change of heart is far from unimaginable. On the contrary, it is long overdue. Certainly we could accept it were she finally overtaken by confusion and uncertainty so that she walked out on Torvald in that flush of speechless, unbearable rage in which real revolutions first begin.

Instead of this, however, Ibsen puts in Nora's mouth words completely beyond the woman we have been watching. Although she claims that her education is only just now beginning, her epistemological humility sounds more like Socrates' than a novice's. Such calm words at such a moment would have to be the product of ultimate wisdom, not a first step toward it. While we do not doubt she is capable of such wisdom, wisdom so readily obtained is suspect. It is as if Torvald's harangue had inspired a visit from the Holy Spirit, touching her miraculously with the gift of tongues. Having been unable to know what she herself would do throughout the entire play, she suddenly has insight into what "hundreds of thousands of women have done." This is a magical leap in perspective. All at once she looks down on her own situation from a divine height, the way a child can look down on her dolls and doll's house.

Even this metaphor which dominates Nora's closing speeches and gives the play its title seems unearned. Most of what Nora says is without any imagery at all. It is less an expression of the position in which she finds herself than an analysis of it. And like everything else she has to say, this lone image is rhetoric rather than poetry. The latter occurs in a play only when an image has accumulated significance from repeated use throughout the whole drama. But the image of a doll's house has never occurred to Nora before, or to Ibsen either, any more than the rest of what she now says to grandly has.

Of the two new films in which *A Doll's House* has been revived yet again, Joseph Losey's is the better simply because he understands the play's weaknesses and does more to compensate for them. The other version, the Claire-Bloom version which was adapted from her successful Broadway run in the play, seems to me completely unredeemed. Miss Bloom's performance accentuates Nora's pathetic feminine wiles, and thus makes the play's ending all the more impossible. The most effective scene in this film is one where Nora teases her husband's friend, Dr. Rank (Ralph Richardson), with a pair of silk stockings. Miss Bloom and her director, Patrick Garland, both realize the sensuous power of Nora's gesture here when she playfully swats Rank with the stockings. (It is in Ibsen's own stage directions that she should do so.) But by virtue of its very power, such a gesture betrays the turn-about that the play ought to be aiming for at the end. Nora is really at her simpering worst at this moment. Having seen her like this we have trouble believing that she could ever be reformed by anything.

In the Losey film where Nora is played by Jane Fonda, this incident with the stockings has been wisely cut. Losey does do the scene in which it occurs, but he does it to very different purposes. It is one of the few scenes that might be used to anticipate the play's ending a little and prepare the way for it. This is so because Nora is flirting with Rank with the thought of getting some money from him to buy off Krogstad. But before she can make her request, Rank takes the opportunity to profess his love for her. This throws her off for some reason, and she suddenly changes her mind about pursuing her plans with him. Losey has Miss Fonda play this change of mind in a way that gives it an abrupt quality. When we reach the end of the film, then, we have at least been coached in the notion that Nora might all at once reverse herself in some incredible way.

Losey and scriptwriter David Mercer also try to ready us for Nora's conversion in other ways, and of course Losey gives us more of a movie to look at. Losey's opening, for instance, is a scene Mercer extrapolated from material Ibsen had simply revealed through dialogue later in the play; and as a setting for this scene, Losey chose a glassed-in room where we could see the cold, blue Norwegian winter outside, but where he could light the interior with very warm, amber hues. Having been established so strikingly at the beginning, this visual contrast then reappears in succeeding scenes. Losey even gives it a certain symbolic function by relocating some of Nora's meetings with Krogstad outside in the inimical half of the atmosphere he has created. But if such movie artfulness is pleasing here, it is only because it distracts us from the flaws in Ibsen's play. I imagine Miss Bloom's version of *A Doll's House* has done pretty well at the box office; and I would not be surprised to see Miss Fonda's more skillfully directed, sharper performance do even better. But for all of that, it really is a hokey play, and scarcely deserves the attention it has had over the years. COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

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THE U.N.: EMBODIMENT OF MORAL COWARDICE?

ANNE FREMANTLE

Corruptio optimi pessima—the best gone bad stinks worst. Ms. Hazzard, who worked ten years for the United Nations Organization, thinks the stench from "the last, best hope on earth" (as the UN has all too often been dubbed) is positively world-polluting. To prove she is not alone in her opinion, she quotes on the dust-jacket from Alexander Solzhenitsyn's Nobel Prize acceptance speech of 1972 in which he says that the United Nations Organization "born with great hopes from all mankind . . . in an immoral world it too grew up immoral."

Hitherto, the UN has generally been accepted in the United States as a very, very sacred cow. Its detractors are apt to be classed with those disliking children or dogs. But now Ms. Hazzard, who used the UN locale and personnel in her novel, *People in Glass Houses*, in a first non-fiction work, *Defeat of an Ideal*, has taken "this House" (as Dag Hammarsjköld called it) most seriously to task.

She declares that the UN is "apparently becoming more embryonic as it grows older" and that "triviality and timidity" in all forms "have been allowed to flow unchecked." She asserts that: "United Nations' initiatives have in fact declined as world crises accelerated," and that the United Nations' productivity "is more often than not assessed in wordage."

Ms. Hazzard dismisses the myth that the UN's youth should excuse its incompetence. Rather than new, the concept of an international organization is "as ancient as human reason, and as primitive as the instincts of conciliation and self-preservation." She wisely spells out the UN's dichotomous structure. It is formed "on the one hand, by the delegations of over one hundred thirty member nations" and "on the the other by the international staff of the UN Secretariat, a civil service that numbers thirty-five thousand in the UN agencies around the world and employs tens of thousands of temporary personnel in advisory capacities." The first category, the governmental, she calls the public; the second, the institutional, is the private life of the UN. In her view, it is the fusion and confusion between these two categories which has led to the ideals and objectives, the principles and professed goals of the UN, (which she accepts as unquestionably necessary and worthwhile) being defeated by the manner in which the present body executes, or claims to execute, them.

Thus her purpose is not to minimize the political difficulties inherent in an organization that emerged from the shambles of World War II. Its creation, as Bryan Urquhart points out in *Hammarskjöld*, was based on two assumptions: that the five great powers (China, France, the United Kingdom, the USSR and the United States) would remain in more or less the same relationship, and that the Security Council, of which these five powers were the five permanent members, would be able to mobilize, and if necessary, use force to deter aggression.

Defeat of an Ideal: A Study of the Self-Destruction of the United Nations

SHIRLEY HAZZARD

Atlantic-Little Brown, $8.50

The second assumption perished first, exploded with the first atom bomb. The first ended with Mao Tse-tung's 1949 victory.

Ms. Hazzard's purpose rather is, as she expresses it, "to trace a more intricate relation between the two categories of UN" and to depict a "set of reciprocal and mutually destructive, repercussions" between them. Actually, what her book does is just this: it examines the "private" life of the UN, and notes its effect on the "public."

There is a nursery rhyme which begins "For want of a nail the shoe was lost" and goes on to describe the horse, rider, battle and kingdom lost, "and all for the want of a horseshoe nail." For Ms. Hazzard that nail is, and has been, from the beginning, the UN's total lack of loyalty in the defense of its own personnel.

She tells the whole grisly story of the United States Federal Bureau of Investigation's relationship with the UN, which certainly appears to outwatergate watergate. As early as July 1949, Mr. Byron Price, the UN administrative chief, approached the FBI and asked them (with the blessing of Trygve Lie, then Secretary-General, as the latter recounts in his memoirs) whether it would be possible "for the FBI to give us any derogatory information on American applicants for Secretariat positions." At that time US citizens comprised two-thirds of the Headquarters staff. As a result of this petition. Ms. Hazzard notes, "the majority of the international UN Secretariat work force . . . with the concurrence of the Secretary-General, became subject to secret screening, and to approval or rejection, by the government of the United States." At that time, as Urquhart notes, "the international Secretariat became a happy hunting ground for the witch-hunters of McCarthy in the UN, and its morale fell to the lowest level in its short history."

At that time the UN staff was decimated by scores of summary dismissals, although the US Federal Grand Jury, invoked to find subversives, never returned a single indictment against a single staff member. Nor was the staff comforted to learn that while it suffer-

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ed these investigations and dismissals, the Secretary-General was conferring in his office on the thirty-eighth floor with Roy Cohn of the McCarthy Committee, and with Robert Morris of the McCarran Subcommittee. Even Ralph Bunche, was hauled before the Loyalty Board. "Trygve Lie further approved the setting up of a branch office of the FBI itself on the third floor of the Secretariat Building" "for purposes of interrogating the staff."

This decision of the Secretary-General's to offer the FBI quarters on international territory was, quite obviously, a watershed in UN affairs. It led directly to the situation described in *The New Yorker* (January 8, 1972) by Senator J. William Fulbright: "Having controlled the United Nations for many years as tightly and as easily as a big-city boss controls his party machine, we had got used to the idea that the United Nations was a place where we could work our will." Little wonder that Maurice Duverger wrote in *Le Monde* as early as 1952: "The US weakened the League of Nations by its estrangement from it. Will it enfeeble the United Nations by its proximity?" And Duverger went on to call for the removal of the United Nations from United States territory, asking pertinently: "If the UN were to have its site in Leningrad, and if the USSR provided 40% of its running expenses . . . and if a Beria Committee inquired into international officials accused of sympathy with America, if the chief of the legal services were to renew—as Abraham Feller did—the last gesture of Masaryk at Prague, what would be the reactions of the United States? Would they not think, and rightly, that the independence of the Organization demanded the transfer of its site to a territory less 'committed?' "

Even the State Department could find no reason why the UN should ask it to agree to promotion of staff members! The sacking of so many men and women who had satisfactory efficiency ratings, also led to Dag Hammarskjöld's complaining, a few years later, during the Congo operation, that the UN Secretariat lacked a sufficient number of highly qualified senior officials. By then everyone knew where all the flowers had gone.

As Dr. Leon Edel (the distinguished biographer of Henry James) put it, "The most shocking aspect of the situation was the method of summary judgment and the presumption of guilt before innocence is proved." High officials, including Lie "have not had the courage to defend the staff they themselves hired." Urquhart tells how "Caught in the midst of non-recognition by the USSR, harassment and criticism in the US, and the mounting indignation and loss of confidence of his own Secretariat, Lie . . . finally resigned." Three days later, Ms. Hazzard writes, his "partisan, friend and faithful collaborator" the General Legal Counsel of the UN, Abraham Feller, committed suicide by jumping out of a New York window.

But the results of the UN's moral cowardice were not only spineless staff members. For almost twenty-five years, the UN fear of decreased US appropriations led to the piper-payer calling the political tune.

The UN acknowledgment of mainland China was deferred until an emissary of the President of the United States saw fit to visit that country. And the CIA coup in Guatemala, when a US-trained Guatemalan exile was brought back into the US ambassador's plane and installed as President (8 July 1954), was not brought before the Security Council because Ambassador Lodge would not include the Guatemalan request for a meeting on the proposed agenda. Hammarskjöld felt that a matter of principle with serious moral implications was involved but did nothing lest the United States walk out of the Security Council.

Ms. Hazzard discusses in detail the "geographical distribution" hirings for UN posts, also goes on to contrast the high salaries and allowances, the "incessant parties and earth-girdling trips" that delegates and senior UN officials enjoy, with the "skinflint conditions imposed on the Secretariat as a whole" calling this, a "monstrous discrepancy." In 1971 the General Assembly lost more than 424 hours of working time because of the lateness of delegates and the early adjournment of the meetings caused by the marathon round of parties. A poor member state may host a party costing $30,000, at a New York hotel, while its government is behind with its very small quota of contribution to the cost of running the UN.

Ms. Hazzard does not even except the late Dag Hammarskjöld from her strictures. She does indeed mention his lunching a few times in the cafeteria, riding in a crowded elevator (Lie mounted fatly alone) and making a tour of all the Secretariat offices. But "self-sufficient in his abilities and his high office, he allowed the paper snowstorm to bank up remorselessly beneath him, and let the staff shovel it about as best they might." Since his death the UN staff has sunk supinely back into the administrative nightmare 'in all its guilty past and disordered present."

Perhaps Ms. Hazzard, although she explicitly documents her every assertion, overestimates the influence, for good or bad, of the Secretariat. Failure was built into the UN with the veto, whether this was used, or abused, indeed simply by its existence, which prevented the UN from taking effective action in the many conflicts which have arisen since its creation. Ms. Hazzard perhaps could have applauded some of UN's real fringe benefits: Technical assistance to developing countries, the anti-epidemic campaigns of the World Health Organization, the sound work of the Food and Agriculture Organization in nutrition and crop improvement and the successful literacy campaigns of UNESCO. Also initiatives in trade policies, the proposed agreement on laws of the sea, and various exchanges of expert personnel, while not spectacular, are not wholly negligible. For St. Augustine declared that any good, wherever it might be found, should be fallen upon by us all as though by one starving; *sicut esuriente*, and it is a poor heart that never rejoices.

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NO POET IS AN ISLAND

THOMAS McFARLAND

The Anxiety of Influence: A Theory of Poetry

HAROLD BLOOM

Oxford U. Press, $5.95

The Anxiety of Influence is the most significant work that the gifted scholar-critic, Harold Bloom, has yet written. It is destined, I think, to become one of the classics of literary theory; and it takes its place, along with Edward Young's *Conjectures on Original Composition*, T. S. Eliot's notable essay, *Tradition and the Individual Talent*, and Walter Jackson Bate's *The Burden of the Past*, as one of a small handful of works that really have anything to say about the relationship of the poet to his cultural heritage. Even in such rarefied company it is outstanding, and the depth and power of its thought can perhaps be inferred simply from its proudly inclusive subtitle: *A Theory of Poetry*.

Broadly speaking, the argument of this brilliant book is that no poet or poem can be considered in isolation from previous poets and poems: "We need to stop thinking of any poet as an autonomous ego, however solipsistic the strongest of poets may be. Every poet is a being caught up in a dialectical relationship . . . with another poet or poets." It is Bloom's thesis that every poem is in some way the revision—whether by way of imitation, of modification, or even of rejection—of a previous poem; and that every poet must contend for his own identity with the influence of a precursor poet: as Milton does with Spenser, as Wordsworth does with Milton. Weak poets simply imitate; but every "strong poet" must literally wrest his birthright from an admired predecessor. As Bloom says, "my concern is only with strong poets, major figures with the persistence to wrestle with their strong precursors. . . . But nothing is got for nothing, and self-appropriation involves the immense anxieties of indebtedness, for what strong maker desires the realization that he has failed to create himself?" The anxiety thus generated is augmented, as the shadows of cultural history lengthen, by the increasing sense each poet has of being a cultural "latecomer": "the covert subject of most poetry for the last three centuries has been the anxiety of influence, each poet's fear that no proper work remains for him to perform."

The strong poet's career, therefore, is analogous to Freud's description of the anxieties and ambivalences of a son's relationship to his father: the son needs identification with the father in order to build his strength, but he needs to reject the father in order to achieve his own adulthood. Every strong poet thus hedges his potentially overwhelming poetic inheritance by one or more "revisionary ratios," somewhat similar to Freudian defense mechanisms by which an individual ego fortifies itself. That is to say, every strong poet in some way or another asserts his own individuality by altering, or misreading, his poetic precursor. The process, to adduce a homely example, is not unlike the way in which Holden Caulfield, by misunderstanding Robert Burns' "If a body meet a body coming through the rye," constitutes for himself the wonderful identity of "catcher in the rye." Again, Bloom's theory to some extent parallels the socio-economic phenomenon that David Riesman has elucidated as "marginal differentiation": a refrigerator made by one company must look like those made by competitive companies in order to be marketable, but must simultaneously assert enough difference to justify its preferential purchase.

What Riesman calls "marginal differentiation," however, Bloom calls "poetic misprision." As he says, he "offers a theory of poetry by way of a description of poetic influence, or the story of intra-poetic relationships. . . . Poetic history, in this book's argument, is held to be indistinguishable from poetic influence, since strong poets make that history by misreading one another, so as to clear imaginative space for themselves." As to how they misread one another, Bloom offers six paradigms, for which he adopts the special terminology, *clinamen, tessera, kenosis, daemonization, askesis,* and *apophrades. Clinamen,* to inspect cursorily only the first of these terms, is a word, taken from Lucretius, which means "swerve": "A poet swerves away from his precursor, by so reading his precursor's poem as to execute a *clinamen* in relation to it. This appears as a corrective movement in his own poem, which implies that the precursor poem went accurately up to a certain point, but then should have swerved, precisely in the direction that the new poem moves."

It is the burden of the book to give substance and illustration to these six varieties of poetic misprision or alteration, all of which allow the individual talent to retain its individuality in the face of its intellectual indebtedness. The reader who has not had extensive previous experience of Bloom's writings (for this book harvests the entire acreage of his earlier work) may initially be somewhat bewildered by the book's oracular style, by its private vocabulary, and by its range of reference. Nor are all the discussions of ratios equally convincing: *apophrades*, in particular, seems to be somewhat fanciful. And yet the argument of the whole is clear and straightforward. The learning, too, is profound, and richly illustrative of the power of Bloom's mind.

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It is not in its range, however, that the learning is most noteworthy. Though extensive, it is not so very unusual in this respect—the author is, after all, a professional scholar attached to a major university—but it is remarkable in the intelligence with which it is adduced. Bloom returns again and again to a fairly restricted number of favorite precursors and contemporaries of his own, whom he quarries sensitively and illuminates, as they in turn shed lustre on his own arguments. His is thus a learning of depth more remarkably than of extent. Milton, Blake, Wordsworth, Shelley, Whitman, Browning, Yeats, Stevens, Ashbery: these relatively few poets supply him with most of his examples in poetry as in non-poetic realms do the Gnostic philosophers, Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, Heidegger, Freud, the Bible, Borges, Pascal, and Emerson. A very personal collocation of authorities, and one to whom the author stands in living and loving relationship. The deeply satisfying use of Nietzsche and of Freud, in particular, is almost entirely free of the cant and banality that inform so much of the current commentary on those two figures.

It is unfortunate that the space here available does not allow me to criticize at length, rather than merely describe, this profound book; for a Coleridge understood, inferior works can simply be categorized, superior ones alone merit criticism. Suffice it to say that though the brevity and vatic intensity—the hyperbole, even—of the book tend to arouse disagreement almost as readily as agreement, the disagreement thus generated leads in itself to further insight. In this respect, I was sorry to see that Bloom's brilliant hyperpole, "The meaning of a poem can only be another poem," though it appears in uncompromising isolation on page 94, is on page 95 qualified in a way that tends to lessen its resonance:

> When we say that the meaning of a poem can only be another poem, we may mean a range of poems:
>
> The precursor poem or poems,
>
> The poem we write as our reading.
>
> A rival poem, son or grandson of the same
> precursor.
>
> A poem that never got written—that is—
> the poem that should have been written by
> the poet in question.
>
> A composite poem, made up of these in some
> combination.

Immediately following such concession to extensive manifolds, however, Bloom returns to the kind of Delphic challenge that is one of the splendid vitalities of this book: "Criticism is the art of knowing the hidden roads that go from poem to poem."

As a token of the kind of criticism *The Anxiety of Influence* deserves, however, I should like to put forward three points that seem to me to limit the author's arguments, or, conversely, to call for their extension. First of all, Bloom, in emphasizing the cultural interrelationships in which a writer functions, too radically dissipates what the common voice of humanity has always intuitively identified as the special truth about the lyric poet: his personal vision. Thus, when Bloom adduces emphatic statements by Wallace Stevens denying the influence of precursor poets, he is doubtless correct in pointing out that Stevens was nonetheless influenced; but he goes too far in refusing to allow any credence at all to Stevens' considered testimony of personal originality ("perhaps Stevens was better off not knowing that his ego anxieties about priority and originality were provoked perpetually by his id's absorption of his precursors, who therefore operated in him not as censorious powers, but almost as varieties of the instinctual life"). In this insistence, Bloom's argument seems to constitute only one side of a theory of poetry: the social; and occludes what still to me seems the more important side: the personal—for we are, all Durkheim's contributions notwithstanding, no less individuals than members of a society. Each of us is the isolated ego of d'Alembert's dream, occupying the center of a uniquely personal web of sensations and experiences.

Secondly, Bloom seems to dwell too much on the aesthetic entity of poems in focusing his discussion of the poet's antecedence. But styles too, and these often more elusive and pervasive than precursor poets or poems, function here. As Hugh Kenner has recently written,

> Pound had spent his time mastering not the speech proper to exalted things but what he was to call in 1934 the common verse of Britain from 1890 to 1910," "a horrible agglomerate compost, not minted, most of it not even baked, all legato, a doughy mess of third-hand Keats, Wordsworth, heaven knows what, fourth-hand Elizabethan sonority blunted, half-melted, lumpy."

Though Bloom does speak of an "anxiety of style," his discussion is much too brief to illuminate the kind of precursor phenomenon described by Pound.

Lastly, the author's theory does not account for certain major figures, most notably Shakespeare. "The greatest poet in our language," he concedes, "is excluded from the argument of this book. . . . Shakespeare belongs to the giant age before the flood, before the anxiety of influence became central to poetic consciousness." But to exclude the greatest poet must necessarily be a not inconsiderable objection to any theory that purports to tell us what it is a poet is doing. Moreover, Bloom's main argument for the exclusion is somewhat vulnerable. "Shakespeare's prime precursor," he says, "was Marlowe, a poet very much smaller than his inheritor." "Shakespeare is the largest instance in the language of a phenomenon that stands outside the concern of this book: the absolute absorption of the precursor." Few Elizabethan specialists, however, would agree with this account of the form and intensity of Shakespeare's relationship to Marlowe. Though Shakespeare did learn from the "dead shepherd," the two poets were actually rather different; not only was there no absolute absorption of Marlowe, but it would also be very difficult to say that Marlowe was more important to Shakespeare's achievement than was "sporting

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Kyd," or Marston, or Beaumont and Fletcher. The matter is further complicated by the fact that Shakespeare, in allowing himself to be influenced by both Marston and Beaumont and Fletcher, at the same time exerted counter-influence back on them.

Ecclesial Cybernetics

PATRICK GRANFIELD

Macmillan, $8.95

DANIEL A. DEGNAN

From the standpoint of cybernetics, the control system of the church, the Papacy, curia and bishops, is functioning badly and the system tends to entropy (a state of inertness). Cybernetics, an outgrowth of computer technology, studies complex sytems and finds that such systems survive and prosper when there is communication within the system and with the system's environment. Communication involves input, demands upon the system (such as demands for change in the church's teaching on birth control), and output, response to demands accomplished by a conversion process in which the system produces output in terms of its needs and goals.

The cybernetic problems in the church, according to Granfield, can be seen in four examples: the slavery issue before the Civil War, birth control, ecumenism, and priestly celibacy. Of these, only the ecumenical movement shows a response to input, and the demands came from Protestants. On slavery, the Catholic bishops refused to oppose it and changed their position only after abolition. On contraception, there was plenty of input, but the Pope "was unconvinced." On priestly celibacy, demands are being resisted. All of these examples, except perhaps ecumenism, show lack of input or output and tendencies to entropy.

The cybernetic solution to this entropy, Granfield says, is democratization of the church. Although a centralized, authoritarian structure of government has developed in the church since the fifth century, and Pope, curia and bishops now rule five hundred million Catholics, the early history of the church and present theological understanding point to shared responsibility and decentralization. The Acts of the Apostles and the early centuries show election of leaders and bishops, communal decision-making, and a decentralized government. Vatican II has emphasized the church as the people of God, re-introducing the egalitarian aspect of the church, and theology stresses charisms or gifts of the Holy Spirit in all of the members of the church.

Despite the interest, force and timeliness of this argument, I had trouble with it. For one thing, the democracy called for is pretty mild. The book concludes that there ought to be more study commissions, more listening to the minority, a commitment to community based upon smaller parishes or other units so that we'll all care more about the church, and a very modest "election" of bishops in which laymen and clergy have some say about the panel of nominees from which the bishop is chosen. The mildness and even timidity of these suggestions stems, I think, from Granfield's cybernetic, political and theological analysis.

Systems analysis, of which cybernetics is a part, takes certain elements, jobs, population, and transport in a city, for instance, and reduces them to quantities, relating them to each other through mathematical formulas to show patterns of change. Like all mathematics, it abstracts from the real; it also chooses certain elements and not others, and the relationships it postulates are open to question. The cybernetic analysis of the church shares these deficiencies or limits. The analysis is abstract, since everything is measured in terms of input, output and conversion processes, and the elements related to these are selected by the one doing the analysis. There is not even the precision of mathematical formulas to test the process. Is it really true, for example, that the chief input in Catholic ecumenism was from Protestants? What was the influence of recent theology (which is not even mentioned)?

There is a feeling of craziness in considering the church's response to slavery, contraception or ecumenism in terms of input and output, but there is a usefulness and even fascination, nevertheless, in looking at these questions in cybernetic terms. Even allowing for other causes, if the church lacks communication on matters so vital to it, entropy, in secular terms at least, is around the corner.

The real difficulty with Granfield's thesis is not cybernetics, but his view of the church. Too much of Granfield's argument rests on the assumption that the church can be identified with an institutional power system. Granfield sets up the structure of the church in highly traditional, political terms and offers assurances that this system is divinely instituted. Despite the references to the theology of the Mystical Body and of charisms in the church, one can't escape the conclusion that we are dealing with a divinely-sanctioned absolutist rule of Pope and 5,000 bishops, and we are pleading for a slight modification of that system toward more listening to the lower ranks.

Ecclesiology before Vatican II was based upon a concept of the church as political system, a perfect society capable of enacting and enforcing general laws, an intellectual structure erected by the canonists centuries ago to oppose secular assaults upon the church's freedom. The result was a distorted and untrue concept of the church, a sacramental community of faith, united in belief and practice. If the role of Pope and hierarchy were placed in the context of the community of faith, the prospects for democratization might surprise us, allowing for drastic reforms in the election of the Pope and the selection of bishops, and for shared responsibility with the clergy and laity not only for schools and hospitals, but in matters of liturgy, moral teaching, theology and doctrine.

Politics and political principles are important in any organization, especially a universal one such as the church, and much of the demand for responsibility or sharing in the church comes from our political experience. Politics can help the church in drawing the practical lines of authority and respon-

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sibility, from Papacy and Councils to parish classes on Christian doctrine. I agree with Granfield that a naive democratization has the potential to destroy the church. He rightly cites trusteeism in this country to show the danger. What is really needed however, is theological understanding of the nature of the church, from which flows the role of Pope, bishops and all the members.

From this theological understanding, we can move cautiously (since two thousand years of faith and order are at stake) to implement new intermediate principles of authority in the church, while maintaining the continuity of the church's tradition. Granfield, to be fair, suggests much of this, but he leans toward a view of the church as political power and authority, wrapped in a divine mantle. That way lie paternalistic concessions and entropy, not life.

George G. Marshall: Organizer of Victory

FORREST C. POGUE

Viking, $15

JOSIAH BUNTING

In one of Stephen Vincent Benêt's short stories an English gentleman meets a retired French artillery major in the South of France. The year is 1787, two years before the Revolution, twelve before the Consulate, eighteen before Trafalgar, and twenty-eight before Waterloo. The French major is full of wild strategies and military criticisms and resents that his career did not coincide with any important wars in which he might have distinguished himself. He is depicted as somewhat pudgy, as sallow-skinned and lank-haired, a man of engaging vitality and extraordinary intellectual fecundity. Four or five pages into the story you see Benêt is talking about Napoleon; a Napoleon born twenty years too soon to be matched with any Hour. The familiar point is made again: that stern crises are required to make great men, especially political and military leaders who will be recognized as "great" in their own time.

These of course are dark days for

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the government and the Army, and it is remarkable how many casual conversations about their affairs finally come down to the lamentation that there are no Great Men around to set things right. For the government is in crisis; and the Army has been for the past five or six years. If only, men say, if only we had a Truman running things now, or an Eisenhower at the head of the Army, or an Acheson, or—invariably—George Marshall, any of these men could put things right. Their integrity would not be suspect, that would be the main thing.

Marshall's name recurs, and the name is now more or less synonymous with public integrity. "It was not what Marshall *did*, but what he *was*, that lingers in the mind. His very goodness seemed to put ambition out of countenance." So wrote Churchill's physician, Lord Moran. It is a judgment that says as well as it can be said what those who knew Marshall thought of him and felt about him. He was perfectly matched with his hour, of course, and whether he could have led the Army through its Vietnam experience and retained his reputation for unimpeachable integrity is, at a time when the *beau monde* sneer at men like Rusk, difficult to say. In any case he could not have hoped to evoke the great public admiration and trust the country—almost everyone, literally—felt for him in the years he "armed the Republic." He would probably have been matched with the wrong Hour.

He labored many years in obscurity. He had a reputation in the Army as a brilliant logistician and executive thinker; that is, as a man whose mind went unerringly to the core, to the essentials of a problem and then seized on the correct solutions to it. But it was not until it appeared we would be involved in a European War that Roosevelt made him Chief of Staff. Then he, more perhaps than any other American, "gave us victory." He was a simple man, a kind of American Cincinnatus: austere, publicly cold, brilliant, magisterial, humble. He had one fundamental loyalty: to his duty. He shunned honors and publicity, and if President Roosevelt's decision to appoint Eisenhower to the supreme command in Europe was—and it must have been—the great disappointment of his life, it never showed.

Marshall has been matched with a superb biographer in Forrest Pogue, whose third volume in a projected five-volume biography more than fulfills the promise of his earlier two books on the General. The present book, *Organizer of Victory*, takes up the narrative with the Casablanca Conference in January 1943, and carries it down to the end of the war in Europe. Marshall's role in the making of allied strategy and in the leadership of the American Army is examined in great detail. Much of the story is familiar: how the young officers Marshall had recognized and trained in the 1930's vindicated his confidence and confirmed his early judgments of them as they took their places in the great theater commands; how Marshall came to be the American the British planners most respected; how he earned and retained the respect of both parties in Congress; how unerringly he was able to identify new tools of war and superintend their development and production; how, by setting standards of conduct almost impossibly high but enforcing them with magnanimity as well as firmness, he was able to make subordinate leaders outdo themselves; how he superintended the deployment of American forces around the world and measured competing requirements against one another; how he bore the disappointment of having to remain in Washington and forgo the field command he had always coveted; finally, why he insisted that the then uncertain political problems of postwar Europe should not be allowed to dictate this country's military operations in 1944-1945.

What Pogue has done, and what all biographers should do, however, is not only to chronicle Marshall's role in these matters but to account for his actions in them: to isolate the essence of George Marshall's character and mind as they appeared to his contempories:

Such as General George Osborn, a member of the War Department General Staff:

> I was at Princeton when Woodrow Wilson was President there . . . And I knew Theodore Roosevelt, because he was a friend of the family since I was a small boy . . . and I knew Franklin Roosevelt well . . . but I never had any such impression from any of them as I always had of General Marshall. I had always the sense that I was in the presence of a man who was altogether my superior in character and intellect . . . and in clarity and lucidity of his mind and his tremendous control over himself, and his tremendous determination . . . You knew he was right . . . There was something that gave you a tremendous sense of loyalty to his purposes and a desire to help him fulfill his purposes and also gave you a standard of conduct to aim at . . . I heard Woodrow Wilson at his best. I heard William Jennings Bryan at almost his best, but none of them could hold a candle to General Marshall when he wanted to make people do things.

Or Charles R. Hook, President of a steel firm doing business with the Pentagon:

> First of course, (was) his supreme integrity. You couldn't know the man and talk with him without being impressed with the fact that what he said he believed was in the best interests of the country . . . he was so perfectly frank . . .

Or Eisenhower:

> Our army and our people have never been so deeply indebted to

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any other soldier.

There is no final accounting for the greatness of George Marshall. He was such a man, as a very young contemporary of Napoleon wrote his father after watching Major Bonaparte in action, "of whom history is sparing." But given that he was matched with his hour, like the more famous generals who served under him, still we must ask what it was that was common to them all—Eisenhower, Bradley, Marshall and the rest—what it was that kept them in the Army in the 1920s and 1930s, an Army in which the perquisites of duty and position were low, in which promotions came rarely even for the best of them.

This is the ironic point: those who stayed with the colors in those days were men attracted to military careers by the very things that assured they would be ready for positions of supreme command in the early 1940s: love of their profession and a recognition of its necessity; a sense of duty; simple patriotism. The "bad conditions of service" drove out many lesser men, but this only assured the senior cadre of officers that would have to recruit and equip and train wartime officers would be of the finest quality.

Marshall and his greatest subordinates were not men out for themselves. Most of the Army's problems in Vietnam, particularly the "cover-ups" and the falsely optimistic situation reports sent up the line, are at least partly rooted in the fact that the desire for that personal gain, for personal standing and recognition motivated many of the officers who served there. Paradoxically, too, the more the Army seeks to make itself "attractive" to young men, the less must be the likelihood that young men of Marshall's stamp will be attracted to service in it.

Marshall's public stature and eminence, great during the war but sharply diminished after it, is again growing. And the terrible complex of issues we call "Watergate" and books like Dr. Pogue's are responsible for its growth. There is a strong tradition of disinterested public service in American history, and Marshall and his great contemporaries and their few remaining *epigoni* are responsible for its nurture and continuance.

Winner Lose All: Dr. Cook and the Theft of the North Pole

HUGH EAMES

Little, Brown, $8.95

RUSSELL W. GIBBONS

The only instruction which Watergate should afford us with respect to testimony before a committee of Congress is that the medium—the ever-present McLuhan monitor to the millions—has been the modern instrument for invoking public reaction, outrage, lethargy and possibly institutional change. For congressional history records that there has always been high drama coupled with accounts of thievery, chicanery, planned and forged charges, defamations of character and high-level intrigue all revealed to countless committees of the Senate and the House of Representatives.

Long-forgotten congressional explorations into the assassination of Abraham Lincoln and My Lai-type American counterinsurgency operations in Cuba and the Philippines at the turn of the century could rival the Warren Commission and Pentagon Papers controversies. Their audiences were but a handful and the public opinion was not outraged, for a variety of reasons.

Consider, then, what the outcry

REVIEWERS

ANNE FREMANTLE's most recent book is *George Eliot* (Haskell Publishers).

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might have been if televised hearings before a Senate committee revealed a pattern of savage character-assassination by dignified men of science, politics, publishing, high finance and government—all designed to destroy the reputation and credibility of a man who had done little more than proclaim an achievement. In fact, such testimony before Congressional committees took place (in 1914 and 1916), and the witness, one Frederick Albert Cook, was corroborated by the sworn testimony of others, who agreed that indeed Cook had "been made to suffer so bitterly and impressively . . . the malevolent assailing of character."

Cook's achievement, footnote students of American history will recall, was his controversial claims to North Pole discovery prior to that of the "establishment" candidate for those honors, Robert Edwin Peary. The story is told again in *Winner Lose All*, a convincing case for Cook which concludes that the onetime Brooklyn physician turned explorer was a great romantic, but essentially naive, a man of great abilities and achievements who was unfortunate enough to have offended a consortium of wealthy interests.

In these Watergate days his story has greater meaning, for the set of values which Cook and Peary individually held were contrasting and, inevitably, clashing. Peary and his supporters felt that the successful worlds of politics and finance justified all means to gain the ends. They were thus both amoral and effective. Cook, the outsider and loner who would even treat the Eskimos as humans rather than an expedition inventory, held quaint convictions about an ethical code. Thus the transformation from being a winner to an all-time loser was an easy assignment for those who held him in contempt as an insignificant outsider.

The question of priority arrival at one of the geographical Poles of the earth might seem to be couched in absurdity, a monumental trivial point. Yet the savagery to which otherwise dignified and proper people in high places were reduced in the condemnation of Frederick Cook is anything but historic trivia, for it demonstrates the vested interests which were established and continued through other generations in protecting and enhancing the officially "declared" winner of the Polar race, Robert Peary, Rear Admiral, Gold Medalist, old boy candidate and Our Man. One recalls the more recent case of the brilliant Immanuel Velikovsky, whose catastrophic theories about the earth's history and near-collision with Venus reduced much of the staid scientific and astronomical communities to livid, unscientific rage and character defamation after his *Worlds in Collision* appeared.

Like Cook, he has been called a pretender, a charlatan and a deceiver although much of his theory has been vindicated in his lifetime. Unlike Cook he may also be gaining a belated hearing in the scientific world; before he died, Cook was turned down by geographic societies when he made similar appeals.

Rehabilitating reputations is in today. Debunking old boy heroes is chic, and so the objective counter-historian must ask: is Eames indulging in scholarship or pamphleteering? Neither, really. His documentation is impressive, and it includes the congressional committee transcripts (rescued from the archives of a member, the original committee records having been burned. Sound familiar?). There is sworn testimony given by troubled participants late in life, and there are the accounts of the dozens of credible people who were a part of the almost unbelievable maze of perjury, theft, falsehood and defamation which stalked Cook for 30 years of his tragic life.

A bouquet to Eames for acknowledging and recognizing the pioneer biographical work of writer Andrew A. Freeman, whose 1961 book was undeservedly consigned to obscurity, but who alone among living authors knew and understood Cook, the man. Less than bouquets for his ignoring one who first developed the establishment-outsider approach, Canadian literary light and old-time Arctic hand Farley Mowat. Indeed, much of Eames' trail was broken by a third author, Theon Wright, who probed deeply into the complex psychological motivations behind Cook and Peary in his 1970 book, *The Big Nail.*

If the non-existent television audience for Cook's forgotten congressional hearing could not have been moved to outrage, then a reader with a sense of fairness will be after reading *Winner Lose All.* For the "theft" of the North Pole, symbolic and crushing though it may have been, was not as great as the theft of Cook's good name, for when that succeeded, we all became losers.

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IN BRIEF

THE DEVIL TREE *by Jerzy Kosinski, Harcourt, Brace Jovanovich, $6.95.* For some reason I kept thinking of Antonioni's *Zabriskie Point* as I read *The Devil Tree,* however superficially dissimilar the two works. Still, as the failed parables of major artists, as shopworn, unilluminating, and thoroughly false images of the American nightmare, especially as perceived by the young, the film and Kosinski's fourth novel have a curious identity. Jonathan James Whalen, the book's hero, knows all the contemporary clichés, the dimensions, really, of narcissism—drugs, the Far Eastern experience, easy sex (with Anita, Susan, Karen, Anne, Maria, and Barbara, all in 200 pages), senseless brutality, encounter groups, sterile materialism—transcends none of them and in the process reveals nothing about them, him, or us. He hangs unhappily, but familiarly, between an elusive present and a remembered, cruel childhood (indifferent, neglectful parents), evidently searching for Ultimate Meaning. Well, as major shareholder in the ITT-ish conglomerate built up by his late father, he differs a wee bit from other such searchers, for he must make do on a monthly allowance of 25 grand. Whalen gains the whole world at no price since, like his book, he has no soul to lose. MARK TAYLOR

Michael Novak (Cont.)

tend to what they did we see how little they understood their own ideals. Their ideals were, since they were fallible men, partly moral cant, a pretty surface over seamy realities, painted paper inside a wooden trunk.

Indeed, the weaknesses of Anglo-American traditions have not been carefully measured: xenophobia, moral arrogance, self-deception. The Northeastern elite does not recognize its own ethnocentricity, its respectable bigotries. In the New York *Times,* John Kifner recently linked an allegedly corrupt Irish judge in Boston to "the Irish political tradition." The tradition of Eugene McCarthy? of William Shannon? of Robert Kennedy? One would not be allowed to write like that of a Jewish judge. Imagine the *Times* writing: "The corrupt Yankee political tradition."

Harrison Salisbury patronizes Jimmy Breslin. No one in America knows Queens so well, he says. Or feeds so well Salisbury's image of parochial schools, of Irish racism, of mean and petty streets. For Salisbury, Breslin's book isn't about himself; it's about those others. He overdoes his gratitude.

So as the year 1976 approaches, those concerned about urban working people ought to be building a third force, strong enough to counter the two elites that exercise power over America.

The first step is to cut through the bicentennial myths.

The Founding Fathers *were* great. But all those millions of immigrant miners, cotton-pickers, carpenters, pipefitters, peddlers, rubberworkers, slaughterers and stevedores took their abstract words and—painfully, with bloodshed, over the years—have given them poor flesh: *liberty, justice, equality.*

Immigrants made possible from 1930 to the present the longest moral strides in the nation's history, in economic matters and in civil rights. Not our Yankee forebears,

The second step is to grasp clearly the political uses of the symbols of integrity. The Northeastern liberal is not to be trusted, nor is his Sun belt cousin. Urban working people need their own leadership, as a matter of survival.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 99)

Senate. After what happened in Chile, we cannot ignore the way the alliance of the Army and the industrial complex plays its game.

A. J. DURELLI

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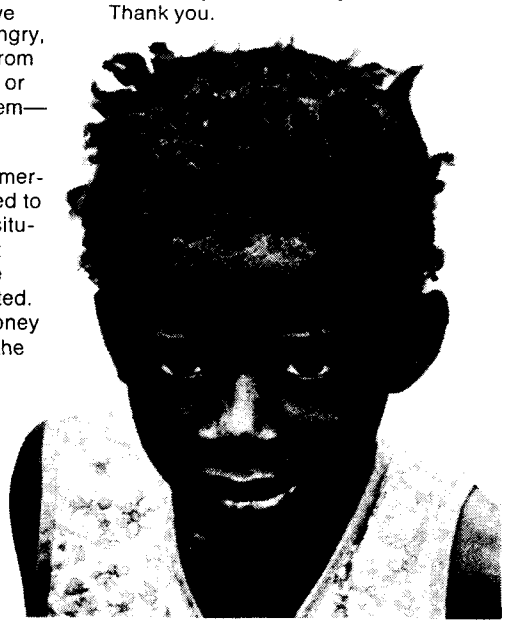

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Post-Aggiornamento

. . . . IT IS IN the Catholic church that I see the "new interiorism" most clearly. There is a strong drive to make social and political action explicitly meaningful in religious terms. There is a new concern with the spiritual life. Traditional elements of liturgy are being treasured once more. There is a concern for "roots"—scriptural, liturgical, theological—more typical of the early '60s than the post-Conciliar period. Cultural roots as well, as exemplified by the interest in ethnicity and the distinctive experience of American Catholics. . . .

That the "new interiorism," for many at least, is born of defeat is itself no criticism of the trend. For this may be a wise response to defeat, a regrouping of forces, a reassessment of means and ends. On the other hand, it is probably as well to recognize the possibility that the "new interiorism" can turn from orderly retreat to abject surrender; that it can signal a failure of nerve; that for all its talk about refusing assimilation into the mainstream it could itself rationalize a drift with the mainstream at a moment when enduring commitment to social and political change promises only frustration.

There are several other tendencies against which the "new interiorism" should guard. Nostalgia is one. The church is mildly threatened by a flood of nostalgia for hard-nosed, holy-card Catholicism. That the pre-Conciliar church was not bereft of truth and beauty is indisputable; that it was also cool and killing to many a spirit is equally true. Perhaps we left those shores for the new world of *aggiornamento* naively thinking the streets might be paved in spiritual gold. They weren't, but no amount of misty-eyed longing for the "old country" will cover up the hard truth which launched us on this journey. . . .

Peter Steinfels
COMMONWEAL, April 17, 1973

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